Victorian Era Datalounge

I've heard that street hustlers make Oscar Wilde's mussy moist!

—Man wearing a green carnation

339 replies 02/24/2017

There's an opening for a strapping, "bookish"lad to assist the Lord with archiving the papers of the manor, and general duties on the estate.

The Lord is said to be generous with those who find his favor

—Anonymous

reply 1 02/24/2017

I'd like to send these strapping lads a sexy telegram!

Shorpy Historical Picture Archive :: Sailing Tailors: 1896 high-resolution photo

Vintage photographs available as fine-art prints or digital stock images

www.shorpy.com

—Anonymous

reply 2 02/24/2017

I know he killed the president and all, but does anyone else find John Wilkes Booth hot?

—Anonymous

reply 3 02/24/2017

"I said good day, Sir!" = Die in a grease fire.

—Anonymous

reply 4 02/24/2017

The Rachel Maddow Show sometimes reached an audience of hundreds at the Ladies' Temperance Union:

Offsite Image

s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 5 02/24/2017

[post redacted because linking to dailymail.co.uk clearly indicates that the poster is either a troll or an idiot (probably both, honestly.) Our advice is that you just ignore this poster but whatever you do, don't click on any link to this putrid rag.]

see offsite link on co.uk

—Anonymous

reply 6 02/24/2017

I hope Queen Victoria skips her son Bertie and gives the crown to Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence.

—Anonymous

reply 7 02/24/2017

Has Jack ripped your hole.

—Anonymous

reply 8 02/24/2017

"You write with a fat quill"

Offsite Image

www.stencil-library.com

—Anonymous

reply 9 02/24/2017

Weekly bathing: just a passing fancy?

—Anonymous

reply 10 02/24/2017

I'm pretty sure that Jack the Ripper is really the Prince of Wales.

—Anonymous

A Note from Muriel

DataLounge will close permanently on July 31, 2026

HELP, DL sleuths, I'm looking for a 70's song	
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reply 11 02/24/2017

Unfortunately, Princess Alexandra survived her carriage accident in Paris.

—Vicky R

reply 12 02/24/2017

Thinking Of Putting In A Fernery. Anyone Have One?

—Anonymous

reply 13 02/24/2017

Tasteful Friends, let's discuss Apsley House, home of the Duke of Wellington

—Anonymous

reply 14 02/24/2017

Hot Dudes In Frock Coats

—Anonymous

reply 15 02/24/2017

My Chimney Sweep Asked Me Out

—Anonymous

reply 16 02/24/2017

Who's a bigger cunt, Lily Langtry or Sarah Bernhardt?

—Anonymous

reply 17 02/25/2017

Percival Cody's Indecent Nickelodeons, Part VII: Can the Return of Eugen Sandow Save This Sinking Ship?

see offsite link on wolfandiron.com

—Anonymous

reply 18 02/25/2017

Our new issue of *Dowager Quarterly* has arrived through the mails!

see offsite link on tumblr.com

—Jealous, bitches?

reply 19 02/25/2017

Is there verificata von sizemeat for Kaiser Wilhelm? He's got that weird little arm so it makes me think he's got a weird little schwanz.

—Anonymous

reply 20 02/25/2017

I Just Had a Lesbian Fling with Gertrude Stein

My girl mayo flew out of my HAM faster than you can say, "I wanna finger-fuck a Cubist poet."

Offsite Image

theoriginalvangoghsearanthology.files.wordpress.com

—Anonymous Lady

reply 21 02/25/2017

Has anyone here visited the telegraph boys at 19 Cleveland Street?

—Anonymous

reply 22 02/25/2017

Men presenting (dirty) holes.

—Anonymous

reply 23 02/25/2017

General Gordon - homo or just married to his career?

—Anonymous

reply 24 02/25/2017

I'd like a new walking stick, any suggestions?

—Anonymous

reply 25 02/26/2017

It's exhausting "keeping up" with the Brontës. Talk about overexposed!

—Anonymous

reply 26 02/26/2017

Fellow Greek love enthusiasts: recently, I was told that in this day and age, sending potential suitors stereopticons of one's John Thomas is no longer frowned upon, but rather, considered de rigueur. Is this so?

—Anonymous

reply 27 02/26/2017

I am making me some pence,for drinking and flopping tonight. That Jack with the mustache in his overcoat, fancy hat, and cayying the surgical bag looks so fucking hot!

—Catherine Eddowes

reply 28 02/26/2017

Disliking your own biological sex is just not normal.

—That is the root cause of homophobia and sexism

reply 29 02/26/2017

[R28], my dear, thou art in danger, gurl

—Anonymous

reply 30 02/26/2017

Wild Bill Hickok was so well endowed, he started a traveling minstrel porn show. It was such a success, he changed the spelling of his name to Hicock....

—Anonymous

reply 31 02/26/2017

How can Benjamin Harrison be president? He lost the popular vote! I hope this never happens again.

—Anonymous

reply 32 02/26/2017

Maidens wishing to attend SpinsterFest, beware! Miss Denise's coach-and-four, the Rainbow Express, is a dilapidated rattletrap, and Miss Denise is a charlatan.

—Nancy MichiganMaiden

reply 33 02/26/2017

Lavender, rosemary and cedar, glorious aftershave or must for social engagements?

—Anonymous

reply 34 02/26/2017

I cannot believe Victoria is allowing her favorite granddaughter to marry into the Russian Imperial family.

—Anonymous

reply 35 02/26/2017

Mary Morstan: beard for SH's bitch.

—Anonymous

reply 36 02/26/2017

Presenting Barnum & Bailey Sideshow Freaks Gio & Tommy

—Anonymous

reply 37 02/26/2017

In your dreams, [R36]. Irene Adler is a hot blooded vixen. She's no one's beard--if she's not getting any satisfaction, she's out of there.

—sheesh, you people think EVERYONE'S gay.

reply 38 02/26/2017

Inbred Hemos: Those Hun princes

—Anonymous

reply 39 02/26/2017

Pioneer Woman Frau-cunt Laura Ingalls Wilder: I want her husband Almanzo in me, quite deeply:

Offsite Image
2.bp.blogspot.com

—Anonymous

reply 40 02/26/2017

"How running away with the knife grinder led to my becoming a millionaire" the newest novel of perseverance and pluck by O'Henry, on sale shortly

—Anonymous

reply 41 02/26/2017

It's O. Henry, [R41]

—r42, valiantly heading off Colonel Oh Dear's troops

reply 42 02/26/2017

Holmes and Watson: Is It Love?

Or are they just two confirmed bachelors sharing expenses?

Like most of us?

—Anonymous

reply 43 02/26/2017

[R38] - admiring her doesn't negate his interest in jizz.

—Anonymous

reply 44 02/26/2017

Has anyone here been to one of those hospitals staffed with nurses trained by that Florence Nightingale? Are they worth the extra money? I mean, I don't mind a little vomit on the floor, it IS a hospital after all.

—Anonymous

reply 45 02/26/2017

I heard those hussies gave the troops syphilis, [R45], so no.

—Anonymous

reply 46 02/26/2017

One is tearing one's handlebar moustaches out in dread anticipation of the forthcoming soiree at my London flat. Cook suggests: Transparent soup, Pidgeons Comport, Fricasee of Veal served with bottled peas, Sheep's rumps and kidneys in rice, and Apple Charlotte. What say you fine fellows?

—Anonymous

reply 47 02/26/2017

HOT SOLDIERS THREAD: Post pictures of hot soldiers here:

Offsite Image
s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 48 02/26/2017

Men showing each other Affection:

see offsite link on pinimg.com

—or hot guys and their guys

reply 49 02/26/2017

Lord Alfred Douglas is THIRSTY.

The Thirst is real, Gents:

Offsite Image
img.poemhunter.com

—Anonymous

reply 50 02/26/2017

Let's be Things in Harris's List of Covent Garden Ladies.

—Anonymous

reply 51 02/26/2017

Mary Todd Lincoln's collapse is COMPLETE.

—Anonymous

reply 52 02/26/2017

Terminally ill datalounger here - what should I wear for my official post-mortem portrait, tasteful friends?

—Anonymous

reply 53 02/26/2017

After an intimate encounter, my visitor requested such amenities as refreshments and towels. Harrumph, my good man, what do you take me for, an innkeeper?

—Anonymous

reply 54 02/26/2017

Queen Victoria's granddaughters: let's dish! I'll start, what's with that slutty Marie of Edinburgh?

—Anonymous

reply 55 02/26/2017

Have you heard about that silly goose, John Ruskin? Married Effie when he was 28, but no one told him the the flower she would gave him on her wedding night would be a fuzzy one.

—Anonymous

reply 56 02/26/2017

You may have your pantywaist fellows in vests and topcoats. I prefer my menfolk to be of a strapping nature, as visualized in these ribald chromatographs by that rebel artiste and scientist motion capture, Muybridge!

see offsite link on paintingandframe.com

—Anonymous

reply 57 02/26/2017

EXTRAOscar Wilde arrested!!

—Anonymous

reply 58 02/26/2017

This is why we love us

—Anonymous

reply 59 02/26/2017

Drinking from saucers: what sayeth the datalounge??

see offsite link on 19thct.com

—Anonymous

reply 60 02/26/2017

Oscar Wilde's collapse is complete!!!

—Anonymous

reply 61 02/26/2017

Let's be Countess Willesden-Smythe's annual fancy dress ball!

—Anonymous

reply 62 02/26/2017

"I cannot believe Victoria is allowing her favorite granddaughter to marry into the Russian Imperial family."

Is it true that her son-in-law, The Marquess of Lorne, is of the persuasion?

—Anonymous

reply 63 02/26/2017

One feels at home here.

—Violet in the Dower House

reply 64 02/26/2017

The Moorish influence is of great concern, apparently these heathens are flinging Uranians from the attic 'pon the hour!

—Anonymous

reply 65 02/26/2017

When I was younger I used to tap out my telegraph messages using a pencil. Surely everyone suspected I was a inverted!

—Anonymous

reply 66 02/26/2017

I saw Prince Eddy in Cleveland Street and her waist was so cinched she looked like a wispy wasp.

But we know her stinger isn't long enough to pierce anything.

—Anonymous

reply 67 02/26/2017

[R66] i had the same thought, then remembered that one didn't actually transmit one's own telegram messages.

—Anonymous

reply 68 02/26/2017

Chimney pots, flower pots and chamber pots are NOT interchangeable in their uses, Eliza.

Get if fucking straight.

—Henry

reply 69 02/26/2017

Mary!

see offsite link on amazonaws.com

—Anonymous

reply 70 02/26/2017

I cut my finger and my whole arm is infected. They say I'm gonna die

—Anonymous

reply 71 02/26/2017

Im dating a honey dipper, should i make him bathe first?

—Anonymous

reply 72 02/26/2017

I'm moving to Dupont Circle. The public convenience there will make such a delightful place for meeting fellow Uranians.

—Anonymous

reply 73 02/26/2017

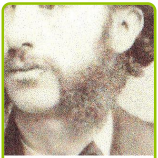
I admire that Marquis of Queensbury so! Such devotion to the manly arts that he spends a great deal of time with the lads, their chests bared, practicing fisticuffs.

Now, if only he would pay but slight attention to those two wearers of the Green Carnation, his sons, or else they may both end up as somdomites!

—Anonymous

reply 74 02/26/2017

Why does it seem that all gay men are wearing muttonchops like this? They all look like this in Chelsea.



Great Grandpa

Imgur: The magic of the Internet

imgur.com

—Abraham Enoch

reply 75 02/26/2017

My roommate has consumption. Should I give him mercury, or is that for syphilis?

—Anonymous

reply 76 02/26/2017

Hell's Kitchen is full of slatterns!

—Anonymous

reply 77 02/26/2017

[R76] I heartily recommend laudanum for the cough. He might like Vin Coca as well, if he is particularly fatigued. Leave the mercury to the syphilitics.

—H. Mortimer, MD

reply 78 02/26/2017

You recommend laudanum for everything, [R78]!

—Anonymous

reply 79 02/26/2017

Wispy Edward Burne-Jones and hot bear William Morris: Who's the top in THAT relationship?

—Anonymous

reply 80 02/26/2017

Who here has committed the sin of the Greeks with that womanly-assed costermonger?

No, not the one with the dead eels; the one who polishes his gawfs in a rather suggestive manner. I know one of you mandrakes must have had him. Spill!

—Anonymous

reply 81 02/26/2017

Privy-smoked kippers: yea or nay?

—Anonymous

reply 82 02/26/2017

Dear friends of mine, Henry and Clara Lawson just had a bonny wee daughter last week. They named her "Helen" and with her God given set of lungs they think she'd be a natural for the stage one day!!!

—Anonymous

reply 83 02/26/2017

Have you seen this shocking new D'oyly Carte musical at the Savoy by Gilbert & Sullivan?

Fine Christian white actors and singers playing Japanese savages and singing the most abominable songs.

It's a disgrace and should be taken off the stage immediately!

What next? African savages portraying the Founders of our Great Nation!??!?!

—The Times Shall Hear About This, Post Haste!

reply 84 02/26/2017

You know me; I refuse to tittle tattle but have you noticed that strapping young buck Newland Archer has been seen out and about with his supposed beloved May Welland's notorious cousin, the Countess Olenska?

Oh, the escandalo!!!

I'm clutching my pearls in horror at the disgrace this might bring on two of our oldest and dearest noble families!!!

—Anonymous

reply 85 02/26/2017

I don't wish to criticise our beloved royal family, but the life of HRH the Princess Beatrice seems one endless holiday! And that of her sister as well. And in the most desirable locations -- Blackpool, Scarborough and even Dieppe! Can't these girls knuckle down to some constructive embroidery?

—Lavinia

reply 86 02/27/2017

I simply can't think straight since Mr Gladstone was elected! SUCH a coarse, common, bumptious man. The Duchess of Bolton said to me she considered it the end times, and was forming a prayer circle. I wonder if this could be in any way a slight over-reaction?

—Anonymous

reply 87 02/27/2017

My slender friend Algernon consumes six boxes of Beechams Pills a week and spends most of his time evacuating in the water closet.

Is an obsession with ones bowels a healthy hobby, or should I intervene, and suggest stamps?

—Anonymous

reply 88 02/27/2017

Oh, dear.

—It will never get old.

reply 89 02/27/2017

I have it on good authority that respected physician Dr. Henry Jekyll is leading a double life.

—Anonymous

reply 90 02/27/2017

Have any of you fellows attended an orgy at Dublin Castle?

—Anonymous

reply 91 02/27/2017

Prince Albert's Prince Albert

—Anonymous

reply 92 02/27/2017

Poor Oscar, dying on the treadmill.

see offsite link on cloudinary.com

—Anonymous

reply 93 02/27/2017

Bet his ass is firm after that workout though.

—Anonymous

reply 94 02/27/2017

Oscar Wilde, Posing Sodomite.

For once, Oscar was not posing.

—Anonymous

reply 95 02/27/2017

Tell me, 88, does your friend Algernon have a friend named Jack, and do they go "bunburying"? [html removed]

—Anonymous

reply 96 02/27/2017

Latest installment of A Tale of Two Cities!

—Can you believe that Madame DeFarge?!

reply 97 02/27/2017

My friend, Count Dracula spends a lot of time with that American from North Massachusetts, Collinwood, Maine. I can't get used to it being an independent state, sorry. Barnabas, is his name, I believe. Always sleeping off their hangovers all day. His family made their money in shipping, and fishery.

—Anonymous

reply 98 02/27/2017

kisses poppet

—Anonymous

reply 99 02/27/2017

I'm not one to complain, as you gentlemen know, but I'm getting rather restive about General Gordon installing Sir Rudolf von Slatin as govenor. It rather makes one yearn for a return of Egyptian rule!

—Darfur Orphan

reply 100 02/27/2017

Rudolf von Slatin ..family?

see offsite link on pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 101 02/27/2017

Family...can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em!

—Ms. Lizzie Borden, formerly of Fall River, MA

reply 102 02/27/2017

Bravo [R102]

—Anonymous

reply 103 02/27/2017

[R95], you misspelled "Somdomite [sic

There used to be a widely told but probably spurious tale that Wilde's last words on his deathbed were "Either that wallpaper goes or I do!"

see offsite link on wikimedia.org

—Anonymous

reply 104 02/27/2017

This succulent Nebraskan cage meat has got Momma's mussy whistling like a stovetop copper kettle!

see offsite link on mshcdn.com

—Momma

reply 105 02/27/2017

[post redacted because linking to dailymail.co.uk clearly indicates that the poster is either a troll or an idiot (probably both, honestly.) Our advice is that you just ignore this poster but whatever you do, don't click on any link to this putrid rag.]

Offsite Image
i.dailymail.co.uk

—Anonymous

reply 106 02/27/2017

Is it, or is it not, more efficacious in one's pursuit of those Elysian muscular contractions to do so after having imbibed absinthe? Or will one arrive more adroitly at that desired stop in the absence of absinthe?

—Anonymous

reply 107 02/27/2017

Darfur Orphan, has General Gordon buggered you yet?

—Anonymous

reply 108 02/27/2017

If we MUTILATE our baby boys they won't masturbate when they are older.

—Anonymous

reply 109 02/27/2017

I do not hesitate to avow that should one more of those mincing, pantywaisted Nancy boys gazes upon my countenance with a twinkle in his eye or so much as an impish grin, then I shall have no other choice but to give that man a good talking to.

—Fenton Dalwrimple IV, Esq., enamored exclusively of the fairer sex. No, truly.

reply 110 02/27/2017

I heard they were all gay in the Paris Commune.

—Anonymous

reply 111 02/27/2017

The Divine Express Sisi has I'm told, a 16 inch waist!

Offsite Image
s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 112 02/27/2017

Prince Albert's Prince Albert: hot or not?

—Anonymous

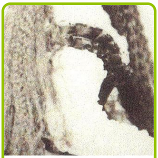
reply 113 02/27/2017

Have you read that new novella called "The Time Machine"? What an interesting concept, this "time travel". It's called "Science Fiction", I believe. The author was influenced by his teacher, Thomas Henry Huxley, who was an early advocate of Evolution. I think that time travel is easier to believe than that man evolved from an ape.

—Anonymous

reply 114 02/27/2017

[R112], All the girls were wearing their hair like this.



Great Grandma
Imgur: The magic of the Internet
imgur.com

—Anonymous

reply 115 02/27/2017

It is with a sunken spirit that I relay to one and all that our beloved Lord Tennyson has succumbed! Prithee, I wonder--as one does--what was on his phonograph?

see offsite link on pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 116 02/27/2017

I'm visiting London next month and want to go cottaging. Where are the hot spots?

—Anonymous

reply 117 02/27/2017

Has anyone here paid for sex while holidaying on Taormina? How much do those horse-hung "ragazzi" charge?

—Anonymous

reply 118 02/27/2017

That saucy MP Lady Lindsey Graham was espied the other eve at a molly house, cavorting with strapping young men of the dusky persuasion!

—Anonymous

reply 119 02/27/2017

I want Lewis Powell to ravish my boy-fanny unmercifully!

see offsite link on thenewinquiry.com

—Anonymous

reply 120 02/27/2017

"It's not hard for a man to lose a little week, now and again".

The Time Machine by H. G. Wells, as adapted for television. I know this because I used my time machine.

George takes three unidentified books into the future. Which three books would you take? Given that age, I think George took:

The Bible, Darwin's Book on Evolution, and perhaps a practical book on agriculture.

—Well?

reply 121 02/27/2017

"...one of the foulest and most disgraceful orgies that ever disgraced any town." reports The Huddersfield Daily Chronicle, in today's edition, October 1, 1880!

"About nine o'clock cabs began to arrive at the hall, the occupants being young men, who in most instances brought portmanteaus or tin boxes with them. A considerable number were in female attire and among the costumes were several low-bodied dresses. In all 47 persons entered the building, and of these 22 were dressed as women. All the windows of the ballroom had been "carefully covered with calico or paper to prevent observation." Only one window had been left cracked "a few inches" for ventilation. It was through this window that Detective-Sergeant Jerome Caminada and "two or three of his constables" watched the suspects over the next several hours. What they saw was later described by Mr. Cobbett, the prosecutor in the case, as "one of the foulest and most disgraceful orgies that ever disgraced any town."

see offsite link on mimimatthews.com

—Anonymous

reply 122 02/27/2017

Does anyone know how to get blood out of fine carpets? Those damned haemophiliac grandchildren!

—Grandmama Queen

reply 123 02/27/2017

I just saw some whore's ankle when she was lifting her skirt crossing the street. Disgusting.

—Anonymous

reply 124 02/27/2017

We're told that different parts of the Italy will become one county. That seems bold. How will we figure out the cuisine (such as it is)?

—Anonymous

reply 125 02/27/2017

Lord Kitchener - who's his bf?

—Anonymous

reply 126 02/27/2017

Several of my grandsons enjoyed the homosex. And at least two of my granddaughters married pansies.

Personally, I wanted to establish the very first chapter of PFLAG, but my ministers advised against it and instead they wanted me to sign a law making homosexual acts between men illegal. What's a good constitutional monarch to do? I did as my government asked, of course.

—Victoria R. I.

reply 127 02/27/2017

You had to wait until 1904 to be cucumbered.

Related Datalounge Thread

—Mrs. Helmus of 10th and B Streets

reply 128 02/27/2017

I hear Joseph Merrick is actually referred to as "the elephant man" because of his VERY generous endowment! Sir Frederick Treves is alleged to have seen his whore pipe in the flesh and is adamant that it is indeed extra large. That immodest dollymop has been mailing nude pictures of himself to all the fashionable gentlemen of London but of course he is careful not to show everything!

see offsite link on pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 129 02/27/2017

Lumber camp

see offsite link on blackdiamondnow.net

—Anonymous

reply 130 02/27/2017

An acquaintance has sent me daguerrotypes of his nude form through the afternoon post.

—Anonymous

reply 131 02/27/2017

Too much absinthe and laudanum, I fear I've got the morbs again.

—Anonymous

reply 132 02/27/2017

I'm in a temp-to-hire position at this company. Today I went to eat a pasty in my carriage and afterward decided to fetch mettle...

—Anonymous

reply 133 02/27/2017

The *de rigueur* component of the fashionable invert's nightly toilette is Queen Mary of Teck Mint Julep Beauty Poultice.

—Anonymous

reply 134 02/27/2017

If any of you somdomites goes near my sons I will thrash you!

—The Marquess of Queensberry

reply 135 02/28/2017

Good sir, it defies the reasonable expectations of any rational man as to why you have set upon delivering such a venomous vituperation to me in response to my perfectly unobjectionable query. When I set out to inquire of you all whether a chap--one who has established a clear predilection for carnal relations with unattached and disreputable members of the fairer sex--could, by means of the liberal application of ales and spirits, be induced to engage in passionate, fleeting acts most Uranian, never did I foresee that I would receive such an unwarranted calumny from the likes of you. Why, one cannot help but wonder, therefore, if perhaps you suffer from an imbalance of the humors and possibly did not--by choice or by omission--consume the curative powders prescribed by your physician to ward against fits of derangement and hysteria?

—Anonymous

reply 136 02/28/2017

By all that is holy, what abominable stench this way wafts? Could it be possible that this foul and fetid ichor proceeds from Mistress Cheryl?

—Anonymous

reply 137 02/28/2017

I'm taking the Grand Tour this summer, what can I expect from the foreign mollyhouses? How does one approach a continental Mary-Ann ?

—Nancy!

reply 138 02/28/2017

What a saucy rake at [R138]!

—Anonymous

reply 139 02/28/2017

Henry James - gay or asexual?

—Anonymous

reply 140 02/28/2017

Is Henry's latest story "The Beast in the Jungle"really about the closet? Discuss.

—The Overbearing "Discuss" Troll

reply 141 02/28/2017

-VIII/X

—Anonymous

reply 142 02/28/2017

By virtue of that other thread, I'll treat my Consumption with soup and, um, nuts, or something. And prayer, of course.

—Recently Deceased

reply 143 02/28/2017

Best thread ever, gentlemen.

—Anonymous

reply 144 02/28/2017

I'm going to Piccadilly to pick up some he-strumpets, wish me luck

—Anonymous

reply 145 02/28/2017

Can anyone recommend a good fainting couch? When I have the vapors I need something to fall into.

—Anonymous

reply 146 02/28/2017

Say, on your way back from America can you bring me one of those black "assistants" to help around the house? I'll give you 100 pounds do you think that will be enough? Not too dark though...

—Anonymous

reply 147 02/28/2017

That painter, Walter Sickert, is, rumored to have an abnormal penis, anybody on DL hear this?

—Anonymous

reply 148 02/28/2017

What's your favorite Baron von Gloeden photograph?

see offsite link on wondersofsicily.com

—Anonymous

reply 149 03/01/2017

Bustles, parasols.

—Anonymous

reply 150 03/01/2017

My footwear has been rendered useless by your water closet. Prithee, what do you intend to do about it?

see offsite link on co.uk

—Anonymous

reply 151 03/01/2017

Far From the Madding Crowd is overrated shit. There, I said it!

—Anonymous

reply 152 03/01/2017

To [[R104]]: That's how the Marquis of Queensbury notoriously spelled it, as written by him on the card he gave Wilde, causing Wilde's lawsuit and later conviction.

—Anonymous

reply 153 03/01/2017

I say, did anyone happen to attend the recent assemblage of inverts on Piccadilly Circus? While there was the usual mafficking one comes to expect at gatherings such as these, there was an extraordinary spectacle as an organization known as *Daughters of Sapphos upon Velocipedes!* If I were not a God-fearing man, I have no hesitation in concluding that the prominent display of crinkum-crankums would have slain me on the spot!

see offsite link on paperdroids.com

—Fenton Dalwrimple IV, Esq, R107, R110, R116, R136, R137, Peer of the Realm, etc.

reply 154 03/01/2017

I love this thread. Keep up the good work!

—Anonymous

reply 155 03/01/2017

Of course we got off at the Queen's Bench!

Franny and Stella

—Anonymous

reply 156 03/01/2017

What pray, are the best obscure race music gramophone recordings?

see offsite link on bing.net

—Anonymous

reply 157 03/01/2017

Ah..Mr. Go,

Offsite Image
www.sciencephoto.com

—I know you're around here somewhere..

reply 158 03/01/2017

Lace caftans. Earrings, you say? Nonsense! Away with such ostentatious displays of ear frippery, madam. One tries to maintain a sense of humility and decorum in such things.

see offsite link on cloudfront.net

—Anonymous

reply 159 03/01/2017

Tiaras. Court trains.

—Anonymous

reply 160 03/01/2017

Dearest bitch at [R74] - it is the Marquess of Queensbury, not the Marquis. Get it right next time or I'll practice fisticuffs on your face.

—Marquess of Queensbury

reply 161 03/01/2017

Lord Alfred Douglas and Oscar Wilde - the sodomite power couple!

—Anonymous

reply 162 03/01/2017

Gentlemen you have out done yourselves.

—Anonymous

reply 163 03/01/2017

Cheryl's pussy stinks like everyone else's.

—Anonymous

reply 164 03/01/2017

Can we just say no to this horrid trend of cutting off the hair of dead people, braiding it, and then framing it to hang on the wall?

—Tasteful Friends

reply 165 03/01/2017

A woman on holiday at the White Cliffs of Dover foolishly set up a daguerreotype to capture an image of herself as she stood on one foot at the edge of the cliff, and a bird swooping by caused her to lose her balance and plummet to her death. I think that chap Darwin might be on to something!

—Anonymous

reply 166 03/01/2017

I've just acquired the most delicious piece from that Tuke chap.

Envious, you female curs?

see offsite link on wikimedia.org

—Anonymous

reply 167 03/01/2017

Pardons and allow me to attempt my directions again

see offsite link on alamy.com

—r167

reply 168 03/01/2017

[R143], consumption is an imaginary malady women with no other occupation conjure for their entertainment

—Anonymous

reply 169 03/01/2017

A women's festival? In Michigan, you say!

Splendid! What a gambol!

And a train ride too!

Offsite Image
s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 170 03/01/2017

Do you cradle your teacup?

—Anonymous

reply 171 03/01/2017

I say, are you fellows who practice the unspeakable vice of the Greeks? I am asking for a friend.

—Anonymous

reply 172 03/01/2017

> Dearest bitch at [[R74]] - it is the Marquess of Queensbury, not the Marquis. Get it right next time or I'll practice fisticuffs on your face.

You really ARE common. It wasn't until the 19th century that the spelling of "Marquess" was introduced. Peers of that rank before then were titled "Marquis". The Marquess of Queensbury may have chosen to be known by the modern spelling, but by law, he was still the Marquis. Throughout Victoria's reign, the old nobility used both spellings, but those created marquesses during her reign were legally registered with the new spelling only.

—College of Arms

reply 173 03/01/2017

One simply can't mount one's penny-farthing without the help of a good, sturdy pair of gentleman's hands!

Offsite Image
l7.alamy.com

—Anonymous

reply 174 03/01/2017

One of our guests at our summer estate overstayed his welcome. It was well past the season, and we had already hastened our departure; our sundries and supplies had been packed up, and he wanted a meal and a bathe!

All Jeeves had to offer were a towel and some fowl meatballs Cook had simmering for the staff.

I ask you, were we rude not to accommodate him moreso? It's not as if we are hoteliers!

see offsite link on newyorksocialdiary.com

—Anonymous

reply 175 03/01/2017

I have the prospect of employment in Manchester. Shall I accept it?

—Anonymous

reply 176 03/01/2017

So Prince Felix Yusupov is visiting London for a last fling before his marriage to some dour Russian named Princess Irina. He told the Daily Mail it's true love. Bitch Please. Bet he wears more lace at the wedding than she does.

Offsite Image
s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 177 03/01/2017

Oh, and I see in the Court Circular that Queen Isabel II of Spain is set to visit Queen Victoria. OMG can you imagine the two of them trying to fit into a carriage together? How many friggin horses are they gonna round up for that duty? Does someone have the address of the RSPCA on speed messenger boy?

Offsite Image
2.bp.blogspot.com

—Anonymous

reply 178 03/01/2017

I just got a raise! 5 pounds a month! I'm rich!

—Anonymous

reply 179 03/01/2017

I like blue.

—Ludwig II

reply 180 03/01/2017

President McKinley shot dead! Pray tell, what was on his piano roll?

—Anonymous

reply 181 03/01/2017

I am telling THE anon so I do not have to bid thee THEN!

—Anonymous

reply 182 03/01/2017

It wasn't me!

It was HER!

SHITTY LITTLE MATCH GIRL!

—The shoes on the omnibus were so poo that day.

reply 183 03/01/2017

Speed messenger boy haha [R178]

—Anonymous

reply 184 03/02/2017

My brethren, I must tell you that I am quite an impressive specimen of manhood. I am on the precipice of sixty however the young men of the town are in disbelief that I could be a year over 35 !

—Anonymous

reply 185 03/02/2017

This is funniest thing. Thank you, gents.

—Crying with laughter as I dictate this telegram

reply 186 03/02/2017

What news out of London town? The foulest crimes that were ever committed! I beseech my good datalounge confrères, let us amass our collective detecting horsepower, post haste!!

see offsite link on bl.uk

—Anonymous

reply 187 03/02/2017

A renter stole my wax buste doll!!

see offsite link on pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 188 03/02/2017

Instant classic Datalounge. Please don't stop.

—Anonymous

reply 189 03/02/2017

Please cease attempting to popularize "Apparent Tumescence Boundary," Gretchen. It will be taken up nevermore.

app3.0-appNBAapp5.0

app3.02011118appapp3.024

www.ampleasteroid.com

—R. George

reply 190 03/02/2017

Oh, may glorious plaudits and praise be heaped upon thee, Mistress! My *côtelette de boeuf*, which hitherto was carelessly rent asunder, has been restored to pristine wholeness by thine efforts!

Offsite Image

cabinetcardgallery.files.wordpress.com

—Penelope Dalwrimple

reply 191 03/02/2017

Jenny is a much superior songstress and performer when compared to poor Adelina.

Offsite Image

www.vam.ac.uk

—Anonymous

reply 192 03/02/2017

Go ahead and practice fisticuffs on your own offspring, for it is they that have become invert Uranians!

And from whom did they learn this behavior, pray tell?

The apples, they say, do not fall far from the tree.

—Anonymous

reply 193 03/02/2017

[R192], to me she'll always be Jenny From the Block

—Anonymous

reply 194 03/02/2017

This thread is useless without daguerreotypes.

—Anonymous

reply 195 03/02/2017

An occultist named Madonna is opening for Cher's fifth farewell tour. She's Italian. Don't think we'll attend.

—Anonymous

reply 196 03/02/2017

September 25, 1869 - Catherine Zeta-Jones turns 34 for the first time!

—Anonymous

reply 197 03/02/2017

[R175] wins the thread.

—I was here for the original thread

reply 198 03/02/2017

> A woman on holiday at the White Cliffs of Dover foolishly set up a daguerreotype to capture an image of herself as she stood on one foot at the edge of the cliff, and a bird swooping by caused her to lose her balance and plummet to her death. I think that chap Darwin might be on to something!

What, one might well ask, were amongst her more favored parlor songs and music hall pieces? Have at it, lads of clever humor!

—Anonymous

reply 199 03/02/2017

I shall inform you at present, in order to avoid informing you at some later date.

—Anonymous

reply 200 03/02/2017

Pray give generously to the African orphans to avert their ironic jibes!

—Anonymous

reply 201 03/02/2017

King George III, tapping on a telgraph with a pencil? Perhaps his scullery maid was baking fresh scones when he posed for this portrait?

Offsite Image

img-aws.ehowcdn.com

—The Prince of Urtaint

reply 202 03/02/2017

I hope the drippings from your lamb shanks ignite and you are consumed in the flames until you're quite dead.

—Anonymous

reply 203 03/02/2017

Prithee, kind sirs, indulge me this most impertinent query. I often find myself with only the following upon ice: a few rounds of Neapolitan bread upon which rest sauce tomat and a sprinkling of fine Continental cheese. Will my gentleman callers find me untoward should I serve this in lieu of sweetmeats and port?

—Anonymous

reply 204 03/02/2017

That Queen AnnE was quite the fat cunt, wasn't she? Was there ever so frau-ish a sovereign?

—Anonymous

reply 205 03/02/2017

Settle a dispute, gentlemen : how often must a man of refinement have his clothes brushed? My valet brushes my suit twice a day without fail, but my friend says once a day is enough. Entre nous, I think he's rather off the mark.

—Anonymous

reply 206 03/02/2017

Just returned from the Grand Tour. The German spas were agreeable, and of course Monte was packed with the right people, but it was Sicily where I left my heart. My good wife pines to accompany me, but I told her the Royal Geographic Society has a very strict members only policy and I plan some major excavations on the Italian islands next year.

Offsite Image

www.vam.ac.uk

—Sir Peter Digley

reply 207 03/02/2017

I encountered a local street urchin but yesterday, a strapping lad of only seventeen years. Alas, both parents gone, with but little prospect of employment. And yet, endearing enough to bring a tear to my jaded eye.

Shall I play Lady Bountiful and offer him succor on these gelid wintry nights?

Perhaps he could become my next trusted manservant. I'm again in need of one, as that Blackamoor whom my dear friend brought me from the Americas seems to have absconded with choice items from my Ancient Greek pottery collection, including several delineating those eternal friends, Achilles and Patroclus.

Hope springs anew!

—Anonymous

reply 208 03/02/2017

[R208] = collector of ancient potteries and so a scoundrel pillager of the heathen Turks. Though the Turks in all their deplorable territories may be incapable of appreciating the worth of the great works of the past eras, nonetheless we do ourselves no great service by trading here in quaint antiquities and curiosities taken from such unfortunates presently situated in those fabled lands. I exclaim.

One could scream in angry power at such unjust deeds, were one of such temperment.

Future accounts of our acts may not be kind regarding the provenance of such collections.

—Would that I felt secure in affixing my seal to such views presently

reply 209 03/02/2017

Should I fuck my valet?

—Anonymous

reply 210 03/03/2017

[R204] you have made my day

—Let laughter be our weapon and our shield

reply 211 03/03/2017

Datalounge, the world's only gay gossip site where one might have fair expectation of encountering the word 'gelid'.

—I love you all beyond reason

reply 212 03/03/2017

Oh my boys! My boys! Get you to fair Napoli without delay! A cabinet of curiosities is to be found there, a veritable 'gabinetto segreto'! It houses such objets as will bring tears to the eye of the sensitive gentleman. Feast upon this fresco of Priapus!

see offsite link on holeinthedonut.com

—Anonymous

reply 213 03/03/2017

Perhaps you can imagine my utter fear of being scorned by posing this question, but nonetheless I persist undaunted: have any of you gentlemen ever resided with a loin, mutton, or veal roast?

—Anonymous

reply 214 03/03/2017

My friend Dennis went London without first making arrangements for accommodations, as he thinks he will find a succession of gentlemen willing to provide him with overnight lodging. If you happen to see a confused village bumpkin leading a loaded pack mule named Samson through the teeming streets of our thriving metropolis, 'tis he.

—Anonymous

reply 215 03/03/2017

[R215] you magnificent CUNT. I was trying to think of a good way to get that story in here, and you beat me to it!!

—Anonymous

reply 216 03/03/2017

[R209] has quite stated her boundaries.

—Anonymous

reply 217 03/03/2017

WHET Jack the Ripper?

see offsite link on pinterest.com

—Scotland Yard

reply 218 03/03/2017

We asked him to join us, but he swore he knew not the way of the inverts. Too bad, really. The model he continuously used was always without clothes!

Lord Alfred Douglas

Offsite Image
c1.staticflickr.com

—Anonymous

reply 219 03/03/2017

Cease your chatter, you rotund harlot!

—Anonymous

reply 220 03/03/2017

Let's be a tavern in 1780's New York

—Anonymous

reply 221 03/03/2017

Fie, it is has happened again at my place of business. A representative of a foreign concern came in with a tray of sweet rolls and jam, and four or five of the heifer clerks that work here heaved their portly rumps off their stools like it was the last food on earth! Never mind that they have no interaction with any of the vendors anyway, and are in no position to discuss any type of business. But they can most certainly shove bread and jam into their fat pie holes, I assure you, Sirs!

Myself? I sat sedately at my desk, sipping my black coffee, waiting for the representative to approach me. It is a matter of the utmost shame to be in associated with those rutting pigs.

—Anonymous

reply 222 03/03/2017

Gentlemen, an ingenious American fellow has invented the new Jockey Strap for the comfort and safety of the athletic or working man. It is recommended and can be discretely purchased at several shops.

Offsite Image
upload.wikimedia.org

—Anonymous

reply 223 03/03/2017

Perish in an oleaginous conflagration, [R203].

—Anonymous

reply 224 03/03/2017

[R203] and [R224] , Messieurs, Messieurs! you are BOTH pleasing to the eye!

—Anonymous

reply 225 03/03/2017

Hide on the promenade

Etch a postcard:

"How I dearly wish I was not here"

—Anonymous

reply 226 03/03/2017

The contemptability of the chap who originated this discourse exceeds that of the Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm II!

—Anonymous

reply 227 03/03/2017

He probably wears a merkin for a beard!

—Anonymous

reply 228 03/03/2017

Gentlemen, as a Corpulent womon, do you find me serviceable for the knacker's-cart cleansing detail?

—Anonymous

reply 229 03/03/2017

Queen Victoria's all-black wardrobe: fashion forward or lazy German frau- what say the Data Lounge?

—Anonymous

reply 230 03/03/2017

Horatio Alger has such a way of bringing his characters to life - one would think he'd lived intimately among them!

—Anonymous

reply 231 03/03/2017

The novel object depicted at [[R223]] looks like a very soft truss. Does it achieve the same purpose, but with more comfort?

—Mystified

reply 232 03/03/2017

EMPRESS SISSI DEAD!!

see offsite link on nohup.it

—Shriek!!

reply 233 03/03/2017

I fear that I must speak my mind directly, and pay no heed to the repercussions:it dismays me that the centurian youths of today shave their beards. The Almighty endowed men with a manly hirsute profile and to willingly remove one's facial hair is much akin to a prepubescent boy. I shall pass, thank you very much!

—Anonymous

reply 234 03/03/2017

Nothing wounds the sensibilities of a discerning gentleman of the DL persuasion more than an invert who fails to Bant!

Upon the occasion this invert finds himself at a white party or brunch, both of which have become the rage in our need for a more refined and Continental mode de vie — and how is he to avoid this in the grand metropolis? — he is an intruder. For, he occupies treble the space to which he is entitled! He inflicts upon us, through every roll and fold of quivering flesh, just SO much additional fatigue and discomfort. It is plain, the august gentlemen of DL can't breathe.

This redundant adiposity serves as an impermeable hiss-and-glare-proof wall, repelling all consciousness of the rights of others. The invert who makes a god of his hunger is incorrigible, and I fear no good word of mine will avail to induce him to reform. He is the innately selfish invert who makes his very existence an offense and a burden to others. Get thee to Mr. William Banting, invert!

—Anonymous

reply 235 03/03/2017

He had a fine arse, but perchance he could not cheat the reaper

—Anonymous

reply 236 03/03/2017

My gentleman's gentleman's sire visits the local asylum each Sunday. I'd provide him pots of jam to toss at the harlots, but fear he'd only feed family.

—Anonymous

reply 237 03/03/2017

[R175] shan't provide the necessities of respite, but I shall. Gentlemen, I offer a most sincere invitation to indulge in a new and different fashion of hotel appointment and service! Advantageous arrangements made for stay! We offer a magnificent coffee room; hot and cold baths; a billiard and smoking room; a drawing room for ladies and children, and table d'hôte during The Season. Allow us to enthrall you with electric light and hydraulic lift! We shall offer complimentary omnibus service to the World's Columbian Exposition for it's duration.

Gentlemen, I wish not to boast, but several of our guests have so delighted in our offerings that they've never checked out! Won't you be next?

—H. H. Holmes

reply 238 03/03/2017

Dear sirs of the Grammatical Chastisement Patrol, I am all too aware that I erred in my above message; an errant apostrophe has been my undoing, it seems. I beseech you to take pity on a corpse of 121-years standing. The fact that I'm on your "Internet" at all is worthy of your looking the other way, methinks. Thank you, kind gentlemen.

—r238

reply 239 03/03/2017

Me ginger minge has a wee bit o the foamed seagrass

—Anonymous

reply 240 03/03/2017

Last Christmas, I presented my fair cousin Romerry with a child's tea set I purchased at Harrod's. The girl turned up her nose and said she'd rather have received a rocking horse instead. Whatever will Aunt Tansy do with the child?

—Anonymous

reply 241 03/03/2017

[R241] , fortunately, in this era of high childhood mortality, consumption or diphtheria will soon rid you of the odious brat.

—Anonymous

reply 242 03/03/2017

[R213] This is why Disraeli won!

—Anonymous

reply 243 03/03/2017

Sunday last, I was dining at the White Horse Inn when I saw a scene that hobbled my heartstrings. A little girl who appeared to be half-witted was complaining loudly and vociferously because the crust had broken on her portion of mutton pye. The child was howling and disconsolate. The serving wench, apparently growing tired of the caterwauling, took away the piece and told the child to hold her water whilst she mended it. The wench took the pye to the back area and spit on it repeatedly, filling in the crack with her own juices. The wench then returned it to the child, who exclaimed, "Fank you, you fixded my lamb pye."

After taking two bites, the child suffered a seizure and died.

There. I fixded the original story for you. That's how it SHOULD have ended.

—Anonymous

reply 244 03/03/2017

A painting made up entirely of dots? I ask you, Monsieur Seurat, what is the point?

—Anonymous

reply 245 03/03/2017

Fellow Uranians! What are your thoughts about Byron and his archetype? Who is your ideal?

- Heathcliff - Edward Rochester - Byron himself - other - Vivian Vance!

see offsite link on wikipedia.org

—Anonymous

reply 246 03/04/2017

[R244] you are a shining jewel in the DL firmament

—Anonymous

reply 247 03/04/2017

I love [R244] but she's mixing centuries in her linguistics.

—Anonymous

reply 248 03/04/2017

Now that men dare not legally express the love that dare not speak its name, why do our Sapphic sisters still have the liberty to tip the velvet? Simply because Her Majesty supposedly could not believe that women would do such a thing with each other?

—Victim of the Labouchere Amendment

reply 249 03/04/2017

His ranting is but further proof that [R249] declines the fairer sex.

Pity.

—Anonymous

reply 250 03/04/2017

What is all this wretched talk about being a "Gentlemen" for pay? It is downright barborous! You are either a gentlemen or you are not!

—Anonymous

reply 251 03/04/2017

Same shit, different century...

—Darfur Orphan

reply 252 03/04/2017

We were born into the wrong century, my dears.

—Anonymous

reply 253 03/04/2017

Sirs, as I scorn to act in any manner that may bring reproach upon myself and my family, and hold clandestine proceedings unbecoming in any man of character, I take the liberty of distinctly professing my desires to you, and humbly request your indulgence; as I flatter myself, my family, and my expectancies will not be found unworthy of your notice.

So, I ask of you, sirs, shall we play a parlour game in which each gentleman takes wing and flies to fancy whilst imagining himself to be a discrete person, item, or utterance within the walls of the coarsest doss house in Paternoster Row. I'll start!

I am the fat rat endeavouring to rend the gangrenous toe from the foot of the wretch in coffin bed #32. I say, chaps, the taste is that of undercooked guinea fowl!

—Anonymous

reply 254 03/04/2017

Was poor Marie-Jeannette Kelly a friend of the inverts? Apparently some unknown devotees have been leaving tokens of affection at her grave, as if she were Miss Maude Adams or even Miss Lillian Russell.

—Anonymous

reply 255 03/05/2017

[246] I'd let him toss my salad and serve him tea afterwards!

—Anonymous

reply 256 03/05/2017

I must say, kind sirs, whilst studying for the dreaded cholera examination I often find myself in the grand utopia of dreamland; gazing off at Father Thames, eyes unblinking. Then — away! — when I slip the bounds of my repose, I am in a verdant field, prancing in the manner of the Egyptians with two pixies: Penhaliga and Florisia.

Oh, gentleman! Should you one day be so lucky as to behold the delicately doubled eyelids of these most feminine of sprites; indeed, should you!

Eventually we take our rest and whilst we sup on juicy greengages, my wicked and playful mind dares direct my reticent mouth to spew forth its deepest and darkest ponderings. No, sirs, I am not so emboldened to share them in your genial company, but this one...

The sweet effluvium of one Mr Thomas Hardy: juniper, lady's saddle, new-mown hay, bluebell, or Musc d'Afrique? What say you? In my darkest dreams, he floats along in the miasma of Whitechapel gutter and mother's skull and I am powerless to control my basest urge to fill my lungs with his vile foetor over and over and over again.

No, gentleman, 'tis not unpleasant! Not in the least.

—What say you?

reply 257 03/05/2017

I am dreadfully afraid that My Dearest Chum has become addicted to the Pipe, secretly frequentling the foulest Asiatic dens of Limehouse for gratification. What should I do?

—Burlington Bertie

reply 258 03/05/2017

Bertie, is that your chum at [R257]?

—Anonymous

reply 259 03/05/2017

Would you be so very kind my good Sirs, to indulge a young student of the techniques of nursing? Your counsel is most keenly sought!

I commence 'pon each morn at 7am with a lesson in how to aid the convalesence of a child after operation on cleft palate. This subject is but one of an entire Program to which I am enrolled.

Gentleman, but there is a young fellow I regularly espy in this gathering, and what a fine figure he presents! Yet one is troubled by the knowledge that he shews himself to be registered in quite another Major to that of your humble correspondant! Sirs, as mature gentlemen well acquainted with the sensitive subject of the love that cannot - nay - DARE not - speak its name, you can well imagine the fond feelings that I nurture inwardly for this gadfly! Why, he catches me staring brazenly at his beloved countenance, which grows more in perplexity each day!

Imagine this distressing turn of events. A fellow happened to offer the information that he had acquired, from my unwitting beloved, a used Book on the very subject of our profession. At what he named 'a goodly price'. 'A goodly price!'! cried I! 'A likely tale, my lad! Why, this gammy bludger has played quite the quiff on you, make no mistake! '. Word soon reached my dear heart! And now, gentlemen, not one glance will he throw I, his adoring slave! Though I am but famished for a crumb of his good favour!!!

Excuse I, Sirs. I hasten now to scrub 3 sheet mackinstoshes and 6 or 7 small ones, give bedpans to the children all down night nurse's side of ward, finishing by 10.10pm. Let fortune favor me in my coming examinations!!

—Anonymous

reply 260 03/05/2017

[R260] for the win.

—Anonymous

reply 261 03/05/2017

Truly, I believe many of you weigh five and twenty stone, subsist on plum duff, and reside in your mothers' cellars.

—Anonymous

reply 262 03/05/2017

How dost thou fine fellows believe the tawny-hued hoofer shall perform in the ballroom this eve?

—Anonymous

reply 263 03/05/2017

Hello, stink-fish! We are new here. And we have two jokes we will repeatica for the next hundred or so. Verificatia to follow.

—Mrs Patrick Campbell

reply 264 03/05/2017

My fellow gentlemen of the Uranian persuasion, as a man who has just returned from serving Her Majesty's Empire in darkest Africa, let me assure you that the old adage is true: Once you've has a Moor, you'll always want more!

—Anonymous

reply 265 03/05/2017

Can't recall the details, but some wise English doctor noticed that cases of cholera were in clusters in London, and the biggest cluster was in a location where the neighborhood water well was near to the neighborhood toilets. He closed the well and the cholera cases dropped significantly. Prior to this, they didn't know about water contamination or understand diseases well at all, though the small pox vaccine was first created in 1796.

—Anonymous

reply 266 03/05/2017

Which disease is worse: cholera or tinymeat?

—Anonymous

reply 267 03/06/2017

[R267], cholera by far. It is caused by fecal contaminated water. Yuck.

—I mean, yuck!

reply 268 03/06/2017

Sirs! I am faced with a circumstance of tremendous import! I'm afraid I must dispense with the formalities we gentlemen of good character employ. I hope you'll find it in your hearts to forgive my impertinence.

Upon the occasion of my last seance presided over by one Mistress Omorovicza of Budapest, the spirits bestowed upon me a terrible vision; that of my future grandson, Lionel. Gentlemen, I know not what to do! As the Gods may attest, I harbour the very thought to make haste with the laudanum, burlap, and brick, and with heavy heart, cast my own son to the murky waters obscuring the temple of Father Thames, wherein he shall become sustenance to the eel!

Forgive me, gentlemen, for in the time it has taken me to put pen to paper, my mind is set. Sirs, I implore you, think no less of me!

Offsite Image
pbs.twimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 269 03/06/2017

Charles Dickens is DEAD to me!

—June 9, 1870

reply 270 03/06/2017

Pardon me, Mr. [R266], but may we assume that you have not previously visited this location?

—Anonymous

reply 271 03/06/2017

What do you mean the Americans circumcise all their male Christian babies? I don't know why I'm surprised. Without the civilizing influence of the Mother Country these sort of barbarous practices are to be expected.

—Anonymous

reply 272 03/06/2017

Forgive my impropriety, sir, but I must strenuously state my wish that you meet your imminent demise by throwing yourself into the nearest conflagration fueled by lards and fats!

—Anonymous

reply 273 03/07/2017

Clutch me into thine bosom, David. I am sore afraid.

—Anonymous

reply 274 03/07/2017

This comely young grappler has one's loins fairly aflame!

see offsite link on wikimedia.org

—etseq, actually alive back then

reply 275 03/08/2017

---

datalounge, what is your favourite "fog" colour? I myself favour the oily greenish-brown.

—Anonymous

reply 276 03/10/2017

I say, who among you has seen The Daily Telegraph's latest illustrations of handsome fellows on velocipedes?

—Anonymous

reply 277 03/10/2017

I am looking for a benefactor as I am far too physically appealing to necessitate being gainfully employed.

—22 and 2 appealing 2 believe

reply 278 03/11/2017

I must faithfully report, dear reader, that the water closets, and attending pumps, drains, and pipes which the Bellagio Hotel purports to be a comfort station of some reliability is neither comfortable nor reliable. Indeed, on a recent occasion I had to visit said hotel, I found myself needing to spend a penny (the meaning of this colorful phrase doubtless is conveyed to you, oh savvy Dear Reader). It was, therefore, with much dismay and abject horror when I discovered the aforementioned waterworks to be in such a state of disrepair as to forcibly set aloft fecal remnants and vile effluvia buoyant upon 2-3" of standing water which was dispatched, instant presto! It baffles all reason that not only was this assault upon one's senses of sight and smell sufficiently revolting on its own, but that further assault was effected by having such bits of organic filth attach themselves to my shoes.

—Anonymous

reply 279 03/13/2017

[R279] is giving me life!

—Anonymous

reply 280 03/13/2017

Love that there are only about 63 of us in the world who get these jokes.

—Anonymous

reply 281 03/14/2017

Dear Sirs:

I put forth quill to paper today to lament the apparent, premature, and heartbreaking death of this thread, seeing, as I do, that it has failed to garner a single reply since March the 14th past, a day which the lads today at both Cambridge and Harvard refer to as "pi day." In this troubled age when we observe with down-turned hearts that the Datalounge consists largely of threads buzzing with the hubbub of the political machinations d'jour, we, your faithful readers, must cling to any thread that in the main departs from this horrid trend, and celebrates the Datalounge of yore, one which showcased wit, intelligence, critical thinking, and riotous humor (as the latter truly is *castigat ridendo mores* in all its best aspects)..

Lamentably, the political threads with their outrageous claims and calumnious pillories are not the only detraction to the Datalounge's luster presently. No indeed, as we must also sift through poorly conceived and worse executed screeds proceeding from the heat oppressed brains of halfwits, no wits, or mentally "tetched" persons such as the notorious John, a person whose malady, it seems to me, could be cured immediately by a good bloodletting followed by a daily course of Laudanum administered orally.

Nay, rather than suffer the abundance of riches which once accurately described the threads offered on the Datalounge, presently one must endeavor with equal parts discernment and steadfastness to separate the wheat from the chaff as it were, when describing the effort one must undergo to find a thread worthy of one's time. Indeed, the refined Datalounger--aided most dearly with alacrity--must employ a pertinacity in this regard that is nothing less than dogged and resolute; anything else and he shall regrettably get his fill with chaff for his daily bread.

In bold, bight, stunning contrast, I offer this thread as hope for those of us dear readers who are of a like mind when it comes to exploring conversations that stimulate the mind and gladden the heart! It is with my sincerest hope that I dare wish that my humble reply shall awaken posters past who now doth slumber, and invigorating them to return with fresh thoughts, witty rejoinders, and treasured *bon mots*.

Respectfully yours, et cetera, et cetera.

Fenton Dalwrimple IV, Esq

Post Script: I must inquire as to whether you have been made privy to the most alarming and distasteful news concerning the Datalounge poster who identifies as "Erna?" It is believed by many persons purporting to know without any question that this Erna is an admitted coprophagia enthusiast! One can rest assured that no gentlemen in these parts would accept a peck from this person on any parts of their faces.

—Fenton Dalwrimple IV, Esq

reply 282 06/12/2017

Has anyone here met Mary Todd Lincoln? I heard that bitch is cray

—Anonymous

reply 283 06/12/2017

> Has anyone here met Mary Todd Lincoln? I heard that bitch is cray

Such calumny is ill-placed in any gentleman worthy of that description. Be that as it may, I nonetheless agree with your sentiment as I have heard told that "dat bitch is batshit fucking nuts."

—Anonymous

reply 284 06/12/2017

My manservant is blackmailing me!!! What to do?!!!!!!

Homosexuality in 19th-cent. England: The Master and His Manservant, 1845

Or, What Happened in the Bathtub?

rictornorton.co.uk

—Anonymous

reply 285 06/12/2017

Say, Jack. Fancy a bit of lolly this evening? There is a late telegram at the General Post Office that requires prompt delivery by an able, affable lad like yourself. It's in Cleveland Street. Are you game?

—Be Prompt. The Gents Are Anxious For That Telegram, They Are!

reply 286 06/12/2017

I've heard tell that this Jack who is praying upon the doxies of Whitechapel is perhaps one of us Uranians. Someone contact Abernathy forthwith to tell him tis not so. Tis more likely a soft butch sous chef...

—Anonymous

reply 287 06/12/2017

Praying for the correct spelling of the word preying.

—Soft Butch Sous Chef.

reply 288 06/12/2017

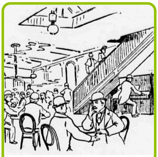
Jealous, inverts??

—Anonymous

reply 289 06/12/2017

New York City's hottest gentleman's club is the Slide.

It has every-thing: Cheap booze, rouged and powdered waiters, filthy ditties, men with feminine monikers, orgies beyond description...



The Slide and the Excise: NYC's Most Notorious 19th Century Gay Bars - The Bowery Boys: New York City History

This article originally appeared in the 2015 NYC Pride Guide. You can check out the entire digital issue hereÂ or pick up pretty much anywhereÂ in the West Village, Chelsea or Hell's Kitchen this weekend! Gay and lesbian life in 19th century America meant reading between the lines, latching on to known code words to locate a ...

www.boweryboyshistory.com

—Stefon the Elder

reply 290 06/12/2017

Pish-tosh; an overrated establishment, if I do say.

—Anonymous

reply 291 06/12/2017

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN! I AM A MATURE MAN NAMED WILLIAM. I BESEECH YOU, WON'T YOU APPRISE ME OF HOW TO BE INVERTED?

—Anonymous

reply 292 06/12/2017

The aged among our community do seem to imbue a certain predatory nature whilst among the less mature and frankly more attractive male persons. They offer opportunity with a letter A, and promise advantages unfound among those of my own youth.

Nevertheless, their sense of entitlement and smug superiority may chasten those desiring facilitation of advancing one's standing in society. One elder gentleman may have been given the opportunity of physical advances, had he not chided my penmanship!

see offsite link on blacktieguide.com

—Millay, Neal

reply 293 06/12/2017

Your fanciful expressions and labored forays into topics of questionable interest do not amuse me, I must report. Also, those with a predisposition to hate are certainly not going to inhibit their hate; nonetheless, as I am the personification absolute joy itself, gentlemen, it is inconceivable that I would be dismayed. To the contrary, those born under the house of Scorpio--like myself--have little time to indulge the deleterious tidings of naysayers who naturally feel compelled to fling their slings and arrows before the path of someone as noble as me. All you slatterns, view my prodigious endowment and marvel at its length! Do you tarts honestly believe it possible to behold such ample, turgid flesh in any non-Scorpioid Toms, Dicks, or Harrys? Of course not, I say! Whether it be my swollen manhood or my bicolored tawny amber complexion or my engagingly witty repartee, please know this: you will attend me. I insist!

—Undisclosed in Kansas Territory

reply 294 06/14/2017

Whatever is the matter with these falsely entitled youths now referred to as "Edwardians?" I simply cannot abide their malapert dispositions, they with their heads down while jotting inane scribbles tirelessly into their bakelite notepads. Zounds! Further, these dull-eyed mooncalves have the audacity to judge their invert elders, casting aspersions on those of us who--in our youth--greatly enjoyed a carefree toss in the jakes from time to time. Surely, to inverted persons of character the very sight of these priggish dullards engenders sufficient distress that the urge to don one's *robe de chambre* and grapple one's baubles is sore irresistible!

Until such time as when we meet once more, I do remain

Your humble servant, etc. etc.

--F.D.

—Hon. Fenton Dalwrimple IV, Esq

reply 295 06/16/2017

Prithee, tell me, would this throw pillow look good on my bed?

Lovers of the Sun Throw Pillow for Sale by Henry Scott Tuke

Lovers of the Sun Throw Pillow by Henry Scott Tuke. Our throw pillows are made from 100% spun polyester poplin fabric and add a stylish statement to any room. Pillows are available in sizes from 14" x 14" up to 26" x 26". Each pillow is printed on both sides (same image) and includes a concealed zipper and removable insert (if selected) for easy cleaning.

fineartamerica.com

—Anonymous

reply 296 06/16/2017

Bless you all, you marvels.

—Anonymous

reply 297 06/18/2017

---

for the more erudite readers...

Queer City: Gay London from the Romans to the Present Day: Ackroyd, Peter: 9780701188818: Amazon.com: Books

Queer City: Gay London from the Romans to the Present Day [Ackroyd, Peter] on Amazon.com. *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Queer City: Gay London from the Romans to the Present Day

www.amazon.com

—Anonymous

reply 298 06/18/2017

Threads such as this are why you will never get rid of me no matter how insulting (some) may be.

Genius I tells ya....pure genius.

—frau in the corner

reply 299 06/18/2017

Should I encounter that rapscallion Lewis Carroll parading about with that little strumpet Alice Liddell once again! 'Tis common knowledge at Oxford that he doth much prefer the company of strapping young lads. And, prithee, that harlot fools none -- a budding sapphist I daresay.

—Anonymous

reply 300 06/18/2017

Dear Sirs,

I have read your letters with exceeding interest, and I hypothesise that some of you gentlemen are quite advanced in years. Your collective wealth of experience is greatly to be admired. However, I am of the opinion that language must advance with the times, and nowadays, it is desirable that a writer prize a measure of simplicity of expression. Pray consider the language of the Regency as truly of the past.

Yours, A. Smith, Esq., Greenfield Hall

—Anonymous

reply 301 06/18/2017

The above is a pseudonym for O. Deere, lately of Winchester.

—Sherlock Holmes

reply 302 06/18/2017

> Pray consider the language of the Regency as truly of the past.

“Thus finishing his grand survey, disgusted [R301] stole away, repeating in his bilious fits, Oh! Mary, Mary, Mary!!...”

—Anonymous

reply 303 06/19/2017

I'm Cradling My Tankard This 'Morn

—Anonymous

reply 304 06/19/2017

I say, old chap! Tis only a scant five months until the return of the Bathing Costume!

Offsite Image
queerty-prodweb.s3.amazonaws.com

—Anonymous

reply 305 06/19/2017

Dashing rakes: Which undergarments are preferable to one's comfort? Drawers or Union Suits?

Offsite Image
s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 306 06/19/2017

What kind of he-strumpet goes about in drawers?

—Anonymous

reply 307 06/19/2017

A fine romance; I pine for him, I do.

see offsite link on tumblr.com

—Anonymous

reply 308 06/19/2017

I say, what seems to be the hullabaloo over this schoolboy grappler named Dylan Geick? It is with increasing astonishment that I bear witness to merit-less plaudits and glories bestowed upon his person by otherwise staid and sober inverts who, it seems to me, should know far better. Youth and its concomitant prowess in labors of an athletic nature is by necessity ephemeral, thus making any bonds of affection based thereupon quite fleeting.

Your humble servant,

F.

Post Script: It is widely hoped that Master Dylan shall pose in a photographer's salon so that the beauty of his rippled, toned body shall be preserved in daguerreotype. Dare I risk being risque by earnestly wishing that he offer up a glimpse of his orifice?

—Fenton Dalwrimple IV, Esq.

reply 309 06/21/2017

What are your thoughts on this InstaHo?

see offsite link on pinimg.com

—Anonymous

reply 310 06/21/2017

At first blush, my impression is that I most desperately require his person to lodge inside me most profoundly.

—Anonymous

reply 311 06/21/2017

Does the mercury cure really ward off attacks of the pox? So fearful am I of contamination, I prefer to withdraw to the seclusion my bedchamber grants and there peruse my heliographs of street Arabs.

—Anonymous

reply 312 06/21/2017

My good fellow, while it is possibly true that the bacillus known as *Treponema pallidum* is effectively vanquished by the efficacious application of mercury rubbed vigorously into the skin, I much prefer the oral administration of laudanum mixed with a tincture of cocoa leaf extract. I believe that the adage "An ounce of prevention beats a pound of cure" certainly applies here as the price of quicksilver has of late risen to an indefensible fee. I think therefore that your decision to flog the purple helmeted warrior in the seclusion of your bedchamber is a sound and prudent one.

—Anonymous

reply 313 06/21/2017

I thank you indeed for such advice Sir, I hear tales of many an invert in whom the carefree spirit is such they advance toward malady of the nether regions with the insistent velocity of a Bow Street runner!

—Anonymous

reply 314 06/21/2017

Perchance has any of my fellow inverts seen young Master Denny on the streets of fair Manhattan. He is supposedly dragging his steamer trunk as he searches for Uranians along the Bowery.

—Anonymous

reply 315 06/21/2017

Empress Sissi is FIERCE!!!!!

see offsite link on beautifulwithbrains.com

—Anonymous

reply 316 07/10/2017

I heard the one prostitute victim of Jack the Ripper, Elisabeth Stride, was actually Trans, which was found out during the autopsy. "Long Liz" they called her, and it was not just about her height. They are keeping that part out of the newspapers.

—Anonymous

reply 317 07/10/2017

When some malcontent cries that "Data Lounge" is not what it used to be," he should be immediately directed to this thread.

—Anonymous

reply 318 07/10/2017

Confound it! Try as I might, I simply cannot fathome the impetus driving these throngs of Uranians who lavishly heap praise and affection upon Master Dylan the pugilist. Am I to belief that in this wholly enlightened age this inexplicable and unseemly attraction to the young man is based solely upon base, animal instincts set aflame merely by tintypes of Mr. Dylan's sinewy, robust frame?

—Anonymous

reply 319 07/18/2017

^^ "Fathom," not "fathome." Please find it within yourselves to excuse me this careless mistake. Perhaps your inclination to do so will be enhanced by my voluntary application of "Oh, Dear Reader!" upon my offenses against the King's English?

—Oh, Dear Reader!

reply 320 07/18/2017

I am indeed a Uranian, sir, that is to say, afflicted with the sin of the Greeks.

—Anonymous

reply 321 07/18/2017

Quite right, fine sir posting correspondence at [R321], quite right. Would one be reasonable in concluding therefore that viewing an image showing the beauty of the manly physique is likely to rouse changes in your member of a circulatory nature, namely tumescence of the penis?

Offsite Image

img0.etsystatic.com

—Anonymous

reply 322 07/18/2017

My good man I must convey to you my utter approval of your query as well as your manner of utterance. Indeed sir allow me to relate an experience relevant to your inquiry.

I well recall the first night of such a Uranian occurrence, when a strapping young lad happened to share my lodgings for the evening.

He gradually removed every particle of dress within a couple of yards of me--the effect of each succeeding charm, from his shapely forearms to the taking off of his shoes and stockings from his well-formed legs and substantial feet and ankles, caused my manhood to swell and stiffen to a painful extent. When all but his drawers were removed, he stooped to pick up his shirt that she had allowed to fall to his feet, and in bending so, exposed to my view a most glorious bottom--muscular, dazzlingly white and shining like satin. As the light was full upon it, and he was still in a steep stooping position, I could see that in his crotch he was well covered with dark hair. Turning round, to put his tophat on a chair, and to take up his night-shirt, he slipped his drawers off between his legs, and letting them fall to the ground while he slipped the night-shirt over her head, I had for some seconds a view of his splendid manhood, stout and lengthy, and quite as tumescent as my own, the very embodiment of the Longspear of Mars. So voluptuous was the sight, I almost shuddered ... so intense was my excitement.

—Anonymous

reply 323 07/18/2017

[R323] surely this never occurred.

—Anonymous

reply 324 07/18/2017

This thread is wonderful. [R16] made me cry-laugh. "My chimney sweep asked me out".

—Anonymous

reply 325 07/18/2017

Droll gentlemen, might you join me in a game to while away this lazy afternoon? I propose we make merry by imagining ourselves to be the great annoyances of the household staff's kitchen!

—Anonymous

reply 326 07/18/2017

I enjoy picnics on the beach with my Uranian friends!

see offsite link on org.uk

—Anonymous

reply 327 07/18/2017

Dear [R323],

I am in receipt of your correspondence instant, wherein you, by means of employing unparalleled vividness and titillating details, painted a masterpiece of carnal sensuality. May I congratulate you, sir, on your extraordinary achievement? Indeed, the events you chronicled were so affecting to the senses that I must confess that I briefly contemplated your rousing tale to be merely phantasmagorical, proceding from a heat-oppressed brain enflamed by urges most primal. Such was the significance of my momentary disbelief that I found myself upon the verge of employing the phrase "Wood prints or the proposed account is devoid of reality!" which one reads quite refquently in these sacred lounges of data. However, it is with much delight that I can report to you that the veracity of your recollection is borne out not merely by the earnestness of your passion but also by the testimony of the inkeeper, one Mister Fineas Sprungthicket.

Yours etc. etc.

—Mr. Fenton Dalrymple IV, Esq.

reply 328 07/19/2017

Why Fenton! You scamp.

—Anonymous

reply 329 07/19/2017

Ho-hum, another day, another great grandchild for the Queen:: Edward the 8th. This whole line of succession thing is so tedious and predictable. I trust this Edward will be more of the same, no?

—Anonymous

reply 330 07/19/2017

Digby Augustus Stewart Mackworth Dolben.

Who's had him?

see offsite link on blacknight.com

—Anonymous

reply 331 07/20/2017

[R331], hands off of my man!

—Gerard Manley Hopkins

reply 332 07/20/2017

It seems to me, Dear Sir at [R331], that were you to rephrase your query into "Digby Augustus Stewart Mackworth Dolben. Who *hasn't* had him?" that the answer resulting thereupon would be able to be inscribed upon the face of a single postcard, standing in sharp contrast to the inevitable encyclopedia of patrons which would be prompted by your inquisition. Quite simply, sir, Dolben is nothing less than the village velocipede, by which I mean to suggest that everyone within a radius of twenty-five miles has had a ride.

Yours etc. etc & what not.

—Fenton Dalrymple IV, Esq.

reply 333 07/21/2017

---

bump

—Anonymous

reply 334 03/21/2020

Do recall, gentlemen, when surreptitiously suggesting another Uranian interlude with one who has favored you with his charms - if then only for his own advantage and perhaps now, your profit - whilst at the same time having given you a rare and most intense pleasure that one swallow doesn't make a summer.

—Anonymous

reply 335 03/21/2020

[Post redacted because The Daily Mail thinks that references to their halfpenny pamphlet are intrinsically harmful, even as their nation's flatulent regent reaches her dotage. A gentleman of straightforward demeanor may wish to explain to That Publication how such references work, or perhaps not. The staff of the organ you are currently enjoying is rather indifferent. The Mail is failing daily, however. Our advice is that you should not follow this post's reference, and however you may choose, please do not patronize That Publication's scrawls.]

Offsite Image
librarycompany.org

—FrankOceania

reply 336 03/21/2020

I'm Yvonne and I dare say, this is it!

Whoo!

Offsite Image
images.theconversation.com

—Yvonne

reply 337 03/21/2020

This was already done

Offsite Image
tvseriesfinale.com

—Anonymous

reply 338 03/21/2020

I'm cracking up at [R5]. When you bitches are on, you're on.

—Anonymous

reply 339 06/13/2020

Thread Closed.

Loading

A Note from Muriel

DataLounge will close permanently on July 31, 2026

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